

THE MISER

Rebecca R. Pierce

I have it now
And do I take it for granted?
On and on I wandered mad and ranted,
Drunk with grief and yearning
My empty hands burning
With a sacred thirst and fire
That nothing on earth could quench.
And me—ungrateful me—the wench!—
Who walked barefooted and bleeding
Against the rocky mountainside—
Me, who called loudly with arms opened wide—
Me, who fought through an army of
My own nightmares to get to love...
What do I do now that love is mine?
Do I build for it a shrine,
Or a castle protected by a moat?
No, I sit here and gloat
“I have it now.”

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